

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

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THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

WHAT are some of the things you would do if you were placed in complete charge of a newspaper?

That question is raised as a result of a recent luncheon conversation in which several newspapermen were discussing some of the things they would like to see in the paper that weren't, some of the things they'd like to see out of the paper instead of in, and some of the changes they'd like to see made—and so on as newspapermen always have and probably always will discuss their calling.

One suggestion was that rewrite men be pulled off the rewrite desk one after another for a week at a time. That they be told they were to be responsible for one story a day—no matter where they got it. In that way they would be relieved of the routine of the desk, perhaps they'd be more sympathetic with the reporters whose stories they took, and the paper would get good stories from them.

Another suggestion was that beat men be changed frequently. The reasons? Several. One that a man who stays on the same beat year after year loses his zest; gets too close to the men with whom he comes in contact to be impersonal in his gathering and reporting of the news; gets into a rut and, lastly, that it is better for a paper to have a number of men familiar with a beat and its news sources rather than one man who has been kept there for years.

SOMETHING we'd like to see more of in a paper—something we'd be constantly on the lookout for if we were on the desk—would be those little stories with a snapper to them; little out-of-the-ordinary stories with a chuckle that would liven up any man's newspaper. Bits of spice that would pep up a lot of heavier stuff.

Items like this, from the Associated Press, picked up by way of the Detroit News:

Judge Condemns Radio, But Reverses Himself

Brockton, Mass., July 9.—(AP)—Popular tunes drifted into the open windows of District Judge Stewart B. McLeod's court room.

"This smacks of contempt of court," the judge said as he or-

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Too Much Wall Street—

That's the Criticism of Today's Coverage of Business and Financial News
By This Writer Who Cites Neglected Stories of Importance in These Fields

By HOWARD CARSWELL

Financial Writer, New York World-Telegram

THAT news of business and industry affects, directly or indirectly, the livelihood of everyone is a truism, to be sure. Yet what the newspaper reading public gets is mostly a concentrated diet of high finance and the investment markets—news of Wall Street. In effect, the business and financial news sections of the metropolitan press are “high-hatting” their readers by their narrow scope of coverage.

They still hew to the same old groove of those halcyon days when the big bull market had an American public giddy over a “new era” of prosperity. Then readers scanned the stock market quotations and watched for extra dividends, mergers and deals of high finance. Managing editors expanded their space allotments, and this branch of journalism came into its own.

The big bull market ended in October, 1929, and this is 1936. That times are changed, and a public is disillusioned, is belied by the space newspapers give to business and finance. They unwittingly subject themselves to the criticism of being dazzled by high finance and the speculative markets.

Too often are events of the day construed from the viewpoint (how they affect the markets) of the speculator, broker and banker. The New York Stock Exchange gets more free advertising than any other institution in the world. Conceding the importance of stocks and bonds doesn't mean that the lay reader isn't interested in other newsworthy phases of business and industry. Anything within the purview of business affairs should be eligible. Let's have more business news for the business man, the engineer, school teacher and professional man.

BECAUSE banking, the securities markets and so many big corporations are centered in New York City, the

newspapers of the nation's big metropolis set the example in this type of news. Their financial and business news sections are supported by financial advertising. However, this is no valid reason for confining their coverage so largely to stocks, bonds and the mechanics of money and credit. Institutional advertising is increasing on the part of big corporations. Surely a broader sense of proportion would better serve the reading public and better fulfill the newspaper's social function. It would also expand the advertising potentialities of the business news sections.

The more progressive minded among financial editors realize this. Ralph Hendershot, Financial Editor of the New York World-Telegram, is of the opinion that the metropolitan papers supply too concentrated a diet of Wall Street, and that they are overlooking opportunities to interpret many interesting developments of business and industry generally.

Today's coverage is suggestive of the physician who appraises one's state of health by merely taking the temperature and pulse, and looking at the patient's tongue. Of course Wall Street and the investment markets are importantly newsworthy in their own right. So are the standard indices of commerce and industry such as freight car loadings, corporation earnings, brokers loans, excess banking reserves, as well as those relating to production of electric power, steel, automobiles and so on. But much of the time they are essentially routine—except to the speculator—and are overemphasized.

This is pulse-feeling. The lay reader deserves more interpretation and background of trends and developments in the broad phases of business and industry. There are new products emerging, commercial markets expanding, manufacturing processes being improved, and always new problems of competition are arising. Over 2,000 laboratories are pushing back

the industrial frontier—research—and forcing events and trends of far-reaching significance. Are these not newsworthy?

BIG business organizations are more social minded today, this being influenced from both without and within. Employee group life insurance in force today aggregates \$11,000,000,000, up 14 per cent over 1929. Since the onset of depression there have been related lines of employee group insurance come to the fore and, while still small in amount, the uptrend is deemed very significant. They include group accident and health, group hospitalization, group accidental death and dismemberment and group annuities. The siege against occupational disease is a phase of the same problem. There are no greater problems facing business managements today than those relating to policy, employees' welfare, and “social consciousness.” Employee profit-sharing plans are being considered.

Trends in packaging, printing inks, warehousing, lacquers, insecticides, plastics, refrigeration, petroleum prospecting, beer merchandising, steel alloys, glass, lighting, foods preparation and processing (and many another) are changing whole industries. Machinery is being improved along the front of technology. New commercial markets are opening up.

The chemical revolution is on—and gaining momentum. It promises to eventually alter man's ways of living with synthetic clothes, articles and things he lives with. More hygienic handling and processing of foods should assist man toward the “more abundant life” of a cleaner, healthier, longer and more colorful living.

The packaging industry is undergoing a veritable revolution, a featured role being played by the transparent wrappers of cellulose film, Celophane being one familiar brand. Their approaching competition with

the glassine and vegetable parchment papers in the year-round merchandising of fresh vegetables and foods should be interesting.

Fast advancing is the technic of foods preparation, preservation, handling and merchandising. Steel alloys, rubber linings, special lacquers for metal containers, and so on, are changing whole processes. Beer in cans meets its first real popular test this summer in competition with beer in bottles. This rivalry may well broaden to soft drinks, carbonated waters and others.

THE simple fact that adding from 5 to 15 per cent of carbon dioxide gas to the refrigerating chamber virtually doubles the time which chilled beef holds its "bloom," or freshness, will assist Australia in her ambition to break the Argentine monopoly of the British market for chilled beef. This has other equally significant implications, including the preparation of eggs for long storage.

Vitamin products have ascended from tenth to third place in retail sales of drug store products. Their mixing with human, livestock and poultry feeds points to a huge potential market. The American public already spends at least \$50,000,000 annually for vitamin capsules and concentrates. Making vitamins is a business, and this is business news.

The humble soy bean may become important as an industrial raw material. It is a significant aspect of the struggle of chemistry to find industrial uses for the farmer's products of the soil, whether for alcohol, plastics or the nascent newsprint industry in the South based on quick-growth pine trees.

The metals industries have many trends. Thanks mainly to the automobile and airplane, metallurgy has forged ahead of the ability of mechanical design to adapt its many special alloys.

In the past three years Soviet Russia, which lacks sufficient copper, has risen from nowhere to second place among world aluminum producers. The approaching rivalry between aluminum-coated steel sheets and the familiar tinplate will be an interesting battle in the canning industry. Oxygen-free copper may become a standard commercial grade. A single mountain in Colorado as a prolific source of molybdenum has multiplied usage of this high-melting-point metal in steel alloys. Similarly nickel has expanded its markets brilliantly during the recent years, with benefits to mankind through its contribution to

HOWARD CARSWELL, of the financial staff of the New York World-Telegram, who discusses financial and business news in the accompanying article, was graduated from Purdue University as a mechanical engineer. Turning to newspaper work, he served with the City News Bureau and the Kent Press Service, both of Chicago. Then, in turn, he was connected with the following papers: the Chicago Daily Journal, the Chicago Tribune, the Wall Street Journal, in its Washington bureau, and joined the World-Telegram staff in 1934.

stainless steels and cleaner and more hygienic processes.

SEVENTY years ago Henry Bessemer obtained English patents on his dream of processing steel sheets directly from the white-hot molten fluid through an automatic rolling mill. However, practical difficulties have always been vexing. Today the straight-line production of metal sheets and rods, and perhaps in steel, is attaining realization.

In the railroad industry the challenge of the Diesel-electric to the traditional steam locomotive, and their comparative economics of operation, is a much disputed subject. So is the threat of light-weight cars of high-strength steel or aluminum.

It is the same with the petroleum industry. The crucial importance of crude oil to a national, and wartime, economy is fraught with profound significance. Germany treats 2,500,000 tons of coal annually to produce 200,000,000 gallons of synthetic gasoline. England also figures in this situation.

While exhaustion of American oil reserves is quite distant, the time when domestic supplies will be inadequate for national needs may not be many years away. On the credit side, however, is the amazing progress of geophysical methods of exploration for new petroleum basins. Supersensitive instruments seek out indications of oil pools thousands of feet below the surface. The successes of this improving technic are uncanny, and yet as nonchalantly done as going into a watermelon patch and thumping for the ripe ones.

Writing of this kind of development is no more "technical" than writing about foreign exchange and the mechanics of money and credit.

The chemical industries are prolific sources of significant developments. Rayon is a triumph of synthetic chemistry. Now rayon threads chopped up into "staple" lengths, to simulate other textile fibres, are mixed with cotton and wool for weaving into fabrics. Even glass is spun into fibres many times finer than a human hair. This "glass wool" holds promise in the field of insulations, and its use in yarns for weaving into sundry fire-proof industrial fabrics has scarcely yet been touched.

Instantaneous drying printing inks threaten to do to commercial printing and publishing what quick drying lacquers did some years ago in speeding up mass production processes over the slow drying paints. In commercial printing presses a 20 per cent or more speed-up is indicated. With newspapers, the significance of the new flash-drying printing inks lies in the adaptation of color and the magazine type of color advertisement to newsprint.

Rayon, cellophane, plastics, lacquers, photographic film and certain explosives belong, in whole or in part, to a huge industry based on cellulose, a fibrous substance contained in all vegetation but whose prime commercial sources are wood pulp and the coarse fuzz sticking to cotton seeds. Excluding the great paper industry, Cellulose serves as the base for a \$500,000,000 industry in annual sales.

Today we have synthetic rubber, send photographs by radio, ripen fruit by invisible rays, have soapless soap which has improved textile printing, make steel furniture that looks like wood, have luminous marble, manufactured weather and so on and on.

This is all business news, or should be so considered. Such stories are no more "technical" to the lay reader than the mechanics of money and credit which put so many financial writers in a dither of adjectivitis.

If these developments be free advertising, then let's have more free advertising. It is no more free advertising than filling columns of newspaper space daily about professional sports, the stage, movies and fashions.

There is just as much popular appeal, or "romance," in business and industry as there is to politics, stage, sports and high finance. The average business man (and newspaper reader) thinks there is more. They are all businesses if you want to look at them that way.

SNAP OUT OF IT!

If You've Been Thinking of Doing Some Writing, This Is for You!

By JOSEPH CREAMER



Joseph Creamer

THE prize complaint of the spare-time writer is: "I haven't got time." This alibi is usually offered from the depths of an easy chair where he squats dulled and dutifully mendicant after gorging himself with food—or across the bridge table as he basks beneath the smile of dear old Aunt Jennifer who came to town and **MUST** be entertained.

"I haven't got time." Sweet phrase, isn't it? The clarion call of the lazy literati. The poor disillusioned souls who hope to write for the national magazines.

Snap out of it, petunias! Writing's a racket and a tough one. But fame awaits the man with even minimum talent who can sit down rip out the telephone cord, lock the door, politely say "No" to the good-time Charlies and pound the keys day after day.

YOU talk of fame, editorial checks, seeing your name splashed across the covers of magazines from coast to coast and peeping out from a row of best-sellers. Yet, you write a hundred, five hundred or even a mere thousand words a day. You sit, and because you're lazy, you spend those valuable moments that should be spent in writing for a definite market in-

dulging in such unadulterated rot as: "Gosh, it's too hot to work" or "I just **CAN'T** make up a plot" or "I haven't been **ANYWHERE**. How can I write?" Or perhaps you've just finished a tough trick on the paper and the bed is a monstrous temptation. Alibis, all of them. Bulwarks to success in the writing game for the man who, unless he is unfirm or eats too much, must discipline himself to resist.

You say you haven't got time. Your work's too pressing. You're just played out when you get off for the day. Yet, while on the old *N. Y. World*, I watched the late Don Carlos Seitz put down a man's day, then go home and knock off a chapter or two of a new book, knock out magazine and book reviews and write articles that raised high Cain from coast to coast. Later, while working for a subsidiary of the *N. Y. Sun*, hardly a week passed during which *The New Yorker* didn't carry an amusing two to three thousand word sketch starring the inimitable Mr. North, brain-child of Richard Lockridge, *Sun* dramatic critic. Yet, Lockridge found, and still finds, time to tackle his daily newspaper trick, keep consistently contrib-

uting to the pages of magazines and appearing at more first nights than I would care to keep count of.

And to you middle-aged men who have been patient enough to listen to the words of this fledgling, let me present Edwin Balmer, editor of *Redbook*, Fulton Oursler, editor of *Liberty*, ex-newspapermen, now holding as responsible positions as they ever held, who find time to turn out novel after novel during their spare time.

STOP fidgeting. Get going. Go tell Aunt Jennifer to jump in the lake. You'd tell her anyhow if you knew what she's going to will you. Break those bridge dates. They'll make a foursome somehow, even if they have to kidnap the elevator boy. They'll still be playing bridge when you're selling a story or article a week and they'll still be asking you to join them.

Plots? Something to write about? Snap out of it! Do some mental calisthenics. Get the notebook habit. Jot down bits of conversation overheard, characters seen. Describe Aunt Jennifer on the first page. Remember the time she walked out of church because the parson said he couldn't see anything wrong with companionate marriage? That alone is a story. She's a character. Get her motivating and she'll write the stories for you.

Most important of all buy, read, study the magazines you intend to contribute to. Forget the textbooks. Forget the theories . . . write, write, write!

Keep away from the literary bull sessions where "aspiring authors" let down their hair and criticize each other's efforts. They usually succeed

[Concluded on page 9]

WHAT kind of use have you been making of your spare time? Done any of those short stories or articles you've been talking about these many moons? Started that novel you intended to have written before this spring rolled around?

Then maybe you'll find a spur in the remarks of Joseph Creamer in the accompanying article. He hands out some advice which you can take or leave, of course, as you see fit. Here's hoping you take it and your stuff goes over in a big way.

In case you're wondering whether Mr. Creamer has any right to be handing out such advice—whether he knows his stuff—let us recite a bit. In the last several years he has acted as promotion manager for a magazine publishing house, was in an advertising agency for three years, was associated with a magazine distributing concern and now is with the sales promotion staff of Radio Station WOR in New York City.

During all that time he has been writing constantly in his spare time, his short stories, articles, novelettes, sketches and verse appearing frequently in leading magazines.

BACK in the days of the bustle there was a little weekly called the *Tribune & Farmer* which is now an item for collectors. It was published in Philadelphia, right across from Independence Hall, and the proprietor was a young man from Maine named Curtis.

Mr. Curtis was likewise the editor, so it was with some editorial pride that one spring evening in 1883 he carried home a copy of the *Tribune & Farmer*, fresh off the press, to show his wife the woman's department he had created that morning. The department consisted of two columns of clippings from other periodicals, and when Mrs. Curtis looked it over she laughed.

Her husband was rather hurt at this, and must have suggested that if she thought his woman's department was funny (which he hadn't meant it to be) she might like to try it herself. At any rate, that section in the next week's issue was signed by Louisa Knapp, which was Mrs. Curtis' maiden name, and in less than two months the woman's department not only filled a full page, but had brought in thousands of new subscribers, and was far and away the most popular feature of the *Tribune & Farmer*.

Mr. Curtis' next move was an early sample of the publishing courage and astuteness which were going to make them so tremendously successful later on. For he no sooner saw the consequence of his wife's department than he made up his mind to toss the *Tribune & Farmer* into the discard and play her page for all it was worth as an independent magazine. The story is that when they were setting up the first issue, the head compositor came in to ask what the name of the new periodical was going to be, and that Mr. Curtis said, "Oh, call it anything you like; it's a sort of ladies' journal." Whatever the fact, it came out in December, 1883, with *Ladies' Journal* at the masthead.

But the subscriptions that came pouring in after the first issue had appeared were all addressed to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which was due to the fact that the artist, in lettering his title design for the top of the front page, had made the word "Home" too large. It was only meant to be the caption for the little domestic scene he had drawn between the two words, but rather than try to correct the misunderstanding on the part of their parons both editor and publisher decided to let the matter ride.

THE modest eight-page monthly would be looked upon now as a curiosity, with its sober, type-filled format,



Bruce and Beatrice Blackmar Gould are an unusual couple. As co-editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal* they are the first co-editors of a major periodical. Prior to taking up that post they had won an enviable reputation or reputations through their collaboration in fiction and play writing. They are ideal partners.

its quaint illustrations of ladies in tight bodices and flouncing skirts, and its advertising columns of incredible corsets, high button shoes and baby foods. But the editorial matter, considering the temper of the times, was far from being veiled in victorianism. Household and feminine problems of all kinds were tackled with plain-spoken simplicity, and the stories, while dated, to be sure, are still alive and entertaining. In fact, you get the feeling in the very first issue that here was the birth of a new tradition; and from the way the young magazine was received; and from the way it phenomenally flourished, you realize what a want it filled.

Mrs. Curtis guided the policy of the magazine and directed the rapidly growing editorial staff from her home by means of the newfangled telephone. Not once in the six years of her editorship did she for one instant let the *Journal* down, or, for that matter, did she ever let the *Journal* interfere with her domestic duties. In some extraordinary fashion she managed to play the double role of housewife and editor. And she played the latter part so well that by the end of the first year the *Journal* had 25,000 subscribers; and by the time she turned her job over in 1889 to the young man whom her husband, with amazing prescience, had coaxed away from Scribner's, the circulation of the magazine had reached half a million.

The new editor's name was Edward

W. Bok. He was only 26, but in spite of his youth, and in spite of the fact that he had come to this country as a boy, penniless, from the Netherlands, and had had to learn the language, make his own way and support his mother at the same time, he had already for several years been operating (as a sideline to a succession of regular jobs) a successful, syndicated woman's page—known among the 30 or more newspapers that bought it as "the Bok page." He had also been writing (likewise on the side) a weekly syndicated column of literary gossip, the first attempt of this kind ever made to popularize books through the personalities of their authors. And while Mr. and Mrs. Curtis must have been aware, naturally, of Bok's woman's page, it was really because of the book-chat column, which appeared in Philadelphia in the *Press*, that Mr. Curtis began to consider the young man as a possible successor to his editor-wife. Bok's regular job was then at Scribner's, in New York, and although the publishing firm was loath to have him leave, and although his mother advised him very strongly against having anything to do with a magazine for women, the combination of his own instinct (which rarely sent him in the wrong direction) and Mr. Curtis' persuasive urging, led him to accept the offer.

THE next 30 years of the *Journal* are the record of Mr. Bok's brilliant editing and Mr. Curtis' courageous backing

Friend of the Family

The Story of the Ladies' Home Journal

By RICHARD PRATT

as publisher. When Mrs. Curtis relinquished the reins to devote her entire time to her household and to her daughter who, seven years later, was to become Mrs. Bok, the *Journal* was a magazine of 24 pages, definitely established as the leading woman's periodical in the world. Although it had tripled in size, it still resembled in its general appearance the *Journal* of the early days—a solid, substantial monthly diet of expert advice on every thing pertaining to the home, from fancy work to flowers. The culinary side was as comprehensive as the recipes were rich. There were regular departments on fashions, dressmaking, the care and training of children, feminine diversions, and the various aspects of health, hygiene and etiquette. And while fiction was given an important position in the magazine, the stories did not begin to occupy the amount of space, in proportion to the departments, that they do now.

From a distance of 50 years, the period seems to have been inclined to take itself a little seriously, and it is only natural that a magazine, which more than any other medium represents the mood and manner of the moment, should have done the same. But times were beginning to change; new tastes and new attitudes were beginning to manifest themselves; woman's world was beginning to widen—and a young man who professed to know nothing about women, but who turned out to know a very great deal indeed about making a magazine for them, was sitting alertly in the editorial chair of the *Journal*.

Gradually the *Journal* became more than a friendly acquaintance dropping in to call every four weeks with a fund of anecdotes and practical wisdom. It became an intimate and stimulating friend of the family, whose monthly visits were occasions of real importance to more and more mothers, wives and daughters. It became something vital in their lives, not only as a confidant-consultant on their personal and domestic problems but as a link between themselves and the affairs of the countryside, town, city, nation, world. All of a sudden it would arrive

with a violent attack upon the patent medicine menace, or display the slaternly spots of our cities, or bitterly describe the mortality of the way the Fourth of July was being celebrated. And it would bring these matters up month after month, without mincing any words, presenting all the carefully gathered facts, until proper laws were passed, improvements made, or the country brought to its senses.

THE *Journal* could get away with its fearless, outspoken campaigns against the evils of the day for the simple reason that it was impossible for anyone to doubt its sincerity. After all, the *Journal* wasn't a soapbox orator, whipping together a quick and curious crowd to witness a lurid exposé, for the sake of circulation. Crowds of this kind disperse rapidly as soon as the show is over, whereas the *Journal's* circle grew steadily, and stayed. It grew from a half million to a million, then from a million to a million and a half; and before Mr. Bok had finished it had passed the second million mark. And as a footnote to these figures it is at the moment well on its way to the third.

Of course, the magazine didn't come into the home as a crusader. It was

still essentially as it had always been, and has always remained, a friend of the family. It was still a source of entertainment, enlightenment and service. Month by month it brightened, broadened and grew more attractive. It brought in Kipling, Bret Harte, Howells, Mark Twain, Eugene Field and Conan Doyle to call. It brought in Presidents to discuss the affairs of the nation and the government. It brought in the wives and daughters of great men to write about their famous husbands and fathers. It brought in the finest architects of the day to break down the cluttered tradition of the late nineteenth century, and, as in every other one of its enterprises, did it so well that Stanford White, the greatest architect of them all, proclaimed it the finest influence in American domestic architecture.

It was responsible for getting rid of the "front parlor" and for stimulating an interest in our various Colonial styles, just as today it presents the possibilities of modern design and construction and offers a practical solution to the problems of financing and building new homes.

LOOKING at random through the *Journal* of 40 years ago we find Kipling's "William the Conqueror" running as a serial; stories by Frank R. Stockton and Jerome K. Jerome; a series of articles by President Benjamin Harrison; illustrations by Maxfield Parrish, Howard Pyle and Charles Dana Gibson, and page after page of Kate Greenaway's delightful drawings for verses by Laura E. Richards.

The advertising rates, to give a practical indication of the *Journal's*

[Continued on page 15]

THE stories of America's leading magazines are interesting ones—both of successes and failures. Some publications, started on shoestrings, have spectacular, mushroom growths in circulation and advertising. Others move more slowly toward huge circulations and revenues. Others, aimed at seemingly open fields, well edited and well financed, wither and die.

For some months it has been the pleasure of THE QUILL to bring you the stories of America's leading magazines in various fields. Usually the articles are prepared by a member of the magazine's editorial or promotional staff especially for THE QUILL.

This month the journalistic journey takes you to the Ladies' Home Journal offices where Richard Pratt, a member of the editorial staff, relates that periodical's story. Mr. Pratt was for four years managing editor of *House & Garden* and for seven years editor of the *Seven Seas* before joining the *Journal* staff last fall.

We Had to Forget Pictures, or Else—



Joseph Pigney

THE story broke late Monday, but it was not until Thursday afternoon that the Klamath Falls *Herald and News* was able to publish its first picture on the best newspaper yarn of the year.

Such delay, plus expense, has blocked the small town dailies for years in their efforts to fulfill the urgent need of illustrations for local news stories.

With three days as the average time for the fastest mail to carry a picture to an engraving firm and bring it back to Klamath Falls ready for publication, the element of speed lost its significance. Time could not be pushed. It was three days. Occasionally, the rare coincidence of a story occurring on train schedule would reduce the delay to two days.

The situation was one to destroy the belief long held by the *Herald and*

So This Small City Daily Solved Problem of Illustrations by Making Its Own Cuts

By JOSEPH PIGNEY

News Editor, Klamath Falls (Ore.) News and Herald

News editorial department that "a picture three days late was better than no picture at all."

OBVIOUSLY, a story had to be good for several days, else no effort was made to rush a print to a Portland engraver nearly 400 miles away. Delay in itself was sufficient to discourage the use of local pictures, but cost, too, figured prominently. In a year's time, even infrequent engraving bills can mount into a prohibitive sum. No practical publisher in a city the size of Klamath Falls could dare let his desire for local illustrations run away with his financial judgment.

There were really only two possible answers to the problem: Either forget pictures completely or go into the photo-engraving business.

While the first answer was the most simple, the demand for pictures still existed. The purchase, installation and operation of a photo-engraving plant appeared hopeless from every point of view. Engraving was a highly technical and complicated art. It was expensive to buy and expensive to maintain. It probably would require the employment of a full-time operator. Finally, it might become like the pet kitten who unexpectedly grew into a ravenous, meat-eating wildcat.

These were the predominant arguments against photo-engraving. Yet the thought never died. We contin-

ued to investigate every rumor that cut-making could be and was available inexpensively to a small-town daily right in its own plant.

EARLY this year we discovered a manufacturer who guaranteed he could build a small-scale, fully-equipped plant at a cost within the reach of every newspaper. He went further than that. He said it could be operated without previous experience or knowledge of engraving. We bought.

In the short month of February we printed something like 40 home-made news pictures. Since then the average has increased to four and five a day at a cost of a few cents for each plate.

We employ no special engraver. Those of us who have taken to engraving on a hobby basis have discovered that it is not an art reserved exclusively for the big city press. We will match our zinc half tones in depth, tone, stereotyping and printing quality with the normal plate turned out by a metropolitan engraver. If necessary, the job of turning a picture into a plate requires no more than 45 minutes.

Now, the story breaking on Monday is illustrated on Monday.

WE converted a small room used chiefly for storing paper stock into a

EVERY wide-awake small city editor has wished it possible for him to illustrate his breaking local news stories with cuts—but the wish seldom has been fulfilled. True, he can obtain cuts or mats from syndicate services that help him make his paper more attractive but they are not LOCAL pictures. He can send his pictures away and get prompt engraving work on them but there's still an objectionable time lag. This informative article tells you how one small city paper has met the problem by installing its own low-cost engraving plant. Joseph Pigney, the author, was graduated in 1930 from the University of Oregon's Department of Journalism. After serving as a sports writer on the Portland Oregonian and as assistant athletic publicity director at the University of Oregon he became news editor of the Klamath Falls (Ore.) *Herald and News* four years ago. The experiences he and his associates have had in photo-engraving should prove valuable to other editors and publishers faced with the same situation.

workshop. The only construction necessary was a darkroom.

When our equipment arrived, we found it adequate but slow. This we remedied at a small cost. Instead of whirling our sensitized plates by hand, we purchased an inexpensive electric drill. The oven out of a discarded electric kitchen range was more practical for the baking-in process than the open electric plate. Another inexpensive motor dispensed with the need for cranking the etching tank by hand. A table-top wood saw fitted with a blade for hard metal eliminated the hack saw. We found an ancient arc light to replace the photo flood lamp used for printing onto metal. It cut the printing time from six minutes to less than 60 seconds and conserved electricity.

All this, however, was not accomplished at once. As we became familiar with our equipment, we found improvements necessary for speed, convenience and results. Our photography developed apace with our engraving.

The work of reproducing a photo in zinc half tone by the process employed by the *Herald and News* is both swift and simple.

There was much trial and error at the start which had to be eliminated by close analysis of results and continuous experimentation. Faults were removed as we progressed until now we can consistently produce sharp, clear and detailed cuts. It meant sacrificing personal time and energy, but in the end we found that the readers' reactions to spot news and feature pictures more than justified every minute of labor. Though we might remotely consider discarding our pictures, our old subscribers and the many new ones we have picked up along the way since venturing into photo-engraving would not permit it.

OUR method, similar in almost every respect to all engraving, is this:

Copy is rephotographed through a screen onto stripping film. In the darkroom the film is developed and fixed in much the same manner as an ordinary negative. It is then stripped onto glass. While it is drying, the zinc is washed and polished with pumice and flowed with a sensitizer composed of process glue, ammonium bichromate and water. The plate, free of dust and air bubbles, is whirled over an electric burner to equalize and dry the sensitizers.

The film side of the glass, clamped tightly against the metal in a frame, is printed onto the sensitized zinc by an arc light. From here it is placed

in a solution of aniline dye, rinsed and then hardened in chromic acid. The image is brought out sharply in the dye. That portion of the metal preserving the picture is protected by the combination of the sensitizer, dye and chromic acid. The remaining portion is etched away.

The plate is allowed to dry after its removal from the acid and then baked. The heat changes the color from a violet to a golden brown, thus combining the elements that form a "top" to resist the etch. Out of the oven, the back of the plate is varnished to prevent etching on the reverse side. The etching, which is the final step, merely consists of placing the zinc in a tank where a weak solution of nitric acid is hurled against it by a rotating paddle.

To anyone considering photo-engraving, cost, of course, is all-important. Equipment can be purchased and installed at an expense of about \$500. That was the original outlay of the *Herald and News*. By improving our set-up from time to time, we have increased our investment to approximately \$1,000. Cost of operation—the chemicals, metal, film—does not average more than a few dollars each week.

WE were fortunate in the first three pictures we published. Each had spot news value. The first showed Klamath Falls World War veterans filing early applications for the cash bonus, the second was a shot of Los Angeles city policemen arriving at the Oregon State line to enforce the "transient blockade," and the third pictured a gasoline station wrecked by a drunken driver shortly before the *Herald and News* went to press.

Nothing we had ever done had more instantaneous effect. Readers began looking for pictures before even taking a glance at headlines. Without soliciting the business, advertisers and weeklies in the surrounding territory brought us commercial work. We were glad to have it, of course, and it already gives strong indication of more than paying off our investment.

Paying off the investment, though, is only secondary. It is impossible to measure the value of photo-engraving in terms of dollars and cents. Money could not replace the good will, reader interest and brightness we have established in the *Herald and News* by featuring daily local pictures.

Newspapers and newspapermen have always been quick to take advantage of change and development in thought, method and material. Long realizing the possibilities of photo-engraving, publishers in the

smaller cities at last see it come within the range of practical operation. They are accepting it eagerly as something vital in the sincere job of offering high standard newspapers rather than something that "has to be done."

No newspaperman would go back a few years to the day when there were no teletypes. Tomorrow it will be difficult to recall the day when newspapers of any consequence were without their own photo-engraving.

Snap Out of It!

[Concluded from page 5]

in criticizing each other's behavior. If they were capable of criticizing stories, they'd be home working on their own and whipping them into shape for the only criticism worth following—the editor's.

WATCH the newspapers and press association releases for the plots "so hard to get." News, after all, is "life stuff," the material from which a writer builds the stories he offers for sale. Even as I write this piece a new item that could serve as the basis for stories stares up at me from the front page of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*.

"Imperial Airways Liner Lost in Mediterranean" reads the head of an AP dispatch from London. Just another account of an aeronautical disaster or the kernel of a story of international intrigue? Written well with modulated melodrama and slight love interest it might sell to *Collier's*, *Liberty*, the *Satevepost* or *American Magazine*. Packed with action it would find a ready market at *Argosy*, *Adventure*, *Blue Book*. Slanted definitely for specialized markets, it might bring home a check from *Dime Detective*, *Dime Mystery*, *Top-Notch*, *Weird Tales*, etc.

NOW a final word. . . . Some say writing for the pulp magazines ruins style; kills whatever artistic appreciation you may bring to the business of fictioneering. Frankly, I think this is nonsense.

Pulp publication writing can be of immense benefit to the beginning writer. For one thing, the pulp publications demand air-tight plots and when the time arrives to tackle the major magazines, the writer will have one valuable asset, the ability to plot well. Fine writing and careful characterization are highly important when one girds himself to break into "big time," but plot carries both.



Lindesay Parrott, author of the accompanying revealing article, is shown above seated at the microphone as he was addressing a radio audience on Russian adventures. Beside him is a friend, W. Hillman.

IT was 15 degrees below zero, I remember, the day I arrived in Moscow in January, 1934, fresh from the mild fogs of a London winter. The train up from the border at Negoreloe, capitalism's last outpost in Europe, had run all morning through deep snow-fields, planted with quickset evergreen hedges to protect the tracks from drifts. Snow, gray and dirty in the city, was piled high around the Moscow station.

But my predecessor, Linton Wells, was wearing a light topcoat when he met me on the platform. The coat was hanging open and his hands were in his jacket pockets.

"It's a warm spell," he explained, while I listened with as small a show of incredulity as seemed polite—it's tact for newcomers to Moscow to show a little, not too much, amazement at the marvels told them.

"You're lucky to be coming now. Last week the temperature was 35 below. This gives you time to get accustomed to the weather."

That was encouraging, but none the less I shivered. I was still shivering as I drove uptown with Linton to the well-warmed National Hotel, the tourist base of Russia.

TO an extent, those shivers never left me during the two years I spent in Moscow for *International News Service*. Not that the dry, deceptive Russian cold had much to do with it.

(Your nose and ears can freeze in Moscow, so they tell me, before you notice it, there is so little dampness in the air.) The Russian spring comes fairly early—in April anyway. The Moscow summers are delightful. July and August on the Volga, as I learned later, are positively hot.

What makes the shivers is the work. There is the censorship. An open and avowed one which claims the right to read, rephrase, cut or suppress entirely every message submitted for transmission by the cables.

There is the "handout system" developed to the finest point. Ninety per cent of Soviet news not lifted bodily from the official press, originates as an official "handout," a slip of grayish paper on which is mimeographed in smudgy Russian type the governmental version of the happening in question—anything from a marine disaster in the Caspian to the last meeting of the Sovnarkom.

There is the language barrier. Perhaps two Russians out of every hundred—outside official circles—speak English, French or German. Walter Duranty, after some 15 years in Russia, can talk to whom he chooses in the language of the country, only somewhat modified by his own Cambridge accent. He talks in fact—as the advertisements will tell you he writes—as he pleases. But every other English or American correspondent in Moscow in my time was hog-tied in

Soviet Russia

Some Experiences of An Who Didn't Want His

By LINDESAY PARROTT

Foreign Correspondent, International News Service

the hands of an interpreter—a Soviet citizen of course. And secretaries watch their P's and Q's—or else. I know one in Siberia. My own was sentenced to be shot—for general undesirability and too loose conversation, so far as I could learn—and got eight years in exile finally; I think through Stalin's personal intervention.

THERE is what might be called the unofficial censorship—the sixth sense in the mind of every Russian that talks with foreigners, and foreign correspondents specially, has large potentialities of trouble.

Scientists and artists, I have found, are more or less excluded from the ban. Even the most suspicious nature would be hard put to it to discover something treasonable in a discussion by a doctor of a new operation or by a director of his latest thoughts about the stage.

I have heard many such—and with considerable interest. But let the question be concerned with news, with good, hot cable news, not background stuff for mail sheets, well, then the picture changes. Even officials, I learned painfully, won't talk for cables, except, of course the group appointed to do little else.

The head of the State Bank, the administration of the late lamented Torgsin, or foreign currency stores, the Commissariat of Agriculture and even the Great Northern Sea Route, which deals in such highly contraband matter as Arctic discovery and colonization all jointly and severally turned me down for interviews within the first six months I was in Moscow. And the answer was invariably the same:

"Apply for your information to the Press Bureau of the Foreign Office,"—which is, in fact, the censorship.

And I would challenge any newspaperman trained in the traditions of the American city room—to get the news from the source of the news, to discard and discredit intermediaries,

Russia Gave Me the Shivers!

Of An American Reporter His News Secondhand

T
ews Service

to shun the second-hand and to report, without submission of his copy to the interested parties, just what he sees or hears—to observe, without a shiver, how jauntily the Dictatorship of the Proletariat has wrecked what he might be pleased to call the fundamental canons of the profession or the freedom of the press.

THIS, I admit, is only half the story. The Russian censorship, like the Russian climate, I was to find, has its warm spells of only 10 below zero.

The censors never, I confess, prevented me from traveling as I pleased, on strictly personal and uncondemned tours through any part of Russia. Colleagues told me bitterly that they were forbidden to enter the Ukraine during the famine there in 1932. Ralph Barnes, if I remember his story correctly, was tossed bodily out of Central Asia at one time. Since I left Moscow I have heard, though I cannot vouch for the statement, that correspondents are required to register with the NKVD—the letters substituted some months ago for OGPU—before they can leave Moscow at all.

Personally, I saw none of this, unless my failure to obtain permission to visit Bokhara and Samarkand on a purely vacation trip can be counted. And, frankly, I wasn't refused a visa. The GPU's passport bureau (not the censorship) as I understood it, simply postponed consideration of my application sine die. So far as I know, it hasn't been turned down yet. Someday, somewhere, I expect a letter informing me officially that I may visit Samarkand any time now.

The censors, I admit also, were universally polite and considerate—more considerate of my feelings, in fact, than I was of theirs, usually. Never were there such painless dentists. The teeth came out of a story with scarcely a twinge. And those long arguments whether the employment of men serving time in GPU prison camps to build

public works constituted—for purposes of publication—"prison labor," "Convict labor," or simply a humanitarian attempt to reform the less socially minded strata of the population through mild physical work were all brought out by myself. To the censors, there wasn't any question where the truth lay. Usually, I agreed with them—for purposes of publication—in the end.

In retrospect, it seems to me that I was long in learning that you can't kick down a wall in carpet slippers. But then, of course, I was misinformed from the start about censorship.

UNLESS I am mistaken—and I'm sure I'm not, because I've heard him give the same talk so many times—Konstantin Umansky, then head of the Press Bureau and now Counsellor of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, first explained to me officially about the functions of the censorship.

It was, I think, the second day I had been in town. I had heard unofficial explanations by that time, naturally. But these were from my colleagues and consisted for the most part of profanity. So I remember more or less distinctly what Umansky told me. It

seemed to be the first serious explanation of what the Soviet was about in its support for 18 years, of the most rigid and, I believe the most frankly admitted "open" censorship in the world. By which I understand a censorship that admits its own existence, demands submission of all messages, with the power of the government behind it, and doesn't work secretly, holding up or mutilating cables in telegraph offices and blaming the company afterwards.

"The Soviet system," said Umansky—I don't pretend to be quoting him directly, but only in effect—"is a rather complicated one and unfamiliar as yet to the rest of the world. Besides that, we have been constantly attacked by irresponsible or venal commentators who fail intentionally or unintentionally to understand our aims and methods. That is why we have a censorship. It is not so much necessary to protect ourselves against such individuals. The Soviet Union is strong enough to disregard irresponsible criticism. The censorship exists to protect accredited and serious correspondents (a favorite phrase) against errors due to an honest lack of comprehension of what the USSR is doing or against inspired misstatements which might mislead them."

WELL, I'm afraid I lost the title of a "serious" correspondent later. Be-

MAYBE you've a feeling that foreign correspondents have a soft time of it; that they fail consistently to produce the sort of news you feel should come from them; that you could do a lot better if given the chance.

Read what Lindesay Parrott—now Rome bureau manager for International News Service, who was in charge of the I. N. S. bureau in Moscow for two years prior to his present assignment—has to say of his experiences in Russia and perhaps you will feel somewhat differently.

Parrott has been a newspaperman since 1920 when he broke in on the Newark Evening News right after leaving Princeton. One of his most thrilling experiences as a "working reporter," he says, was a feature stunt of telephoning a story from the bottom of the East River while dressed in a deep-sea diving suit. His most difficult assignment, he believes, was his assignment in Russia "because of the extreme obstacles to news gathering, rigid censorship and constant propaganda."

To be a good foreign correspondent, he observes, one should develop a keen news judgment to enable him to sort out the facts of American importance from propaganda and purely local sensations. He speaks French, Russian, German and Italian—and never gets homesick for the United States.

fore I left Russia I had to report the last Congress of the Communist International, with its attacks on the United States, the wave of reprisals carried out against hundreds of admittedly innocent, though perhaps undesirable, people after the assassination of Sergei Kirov, the birth of the "speed-up" system in Soviet industry and—especially and always—the tremendous cleavage between prices and "real" wages that keep the Russian workman in perpetual, and real, poverty.

Personally, I never was able to justify these things, though one or two of my collaborators in Moscow were successful enough. Perhaps, though, I'm wrong in supposing that ability to justify is what Umansky meant when he spoke of "seriousness" in correspondents.

At the time, his explanation seemed sound and in fact internationally sensible. I remember toying with the idea of how the United States might be benefited by an enlightened board of censors to eliminate irresponsible published statements—and how the newspaper business might be changed and bettered. I don't think much of that idea now. A mistake made under the pressure of strange circumstances, I'd like to call it. It only recurred once, when half a train load of French correspondents came to Moscow a year later, accompanying Pierre Laval for his preliminary discussions of that same Franco-Soviet alliance which plays so big a part in European politics today.

I remember Umansky met them at the railroad station—on the same platform where Linton met me—and they all had dispatches which had to be censored.

Umansky didn't bother to read their pieces. He signed them, casually, one after the other, remarking, and with emphasis:

"You see, gentlemen, this is the terrible Russian censorship." It was pure stage play, of course, as I knew by that time. Umansky—Podolsky (now Soviet Counsellor in Vienna and liking it, I hear) Mironov—Yaroshev—all the censors—never failed to most carefully read a story written by a regular correspondent whom it was not necessary to impress. But it struck me then what might be done to newspapers—outside of Russia—by what, to turn the tables, I'd call a serious censorship.

IN any case I was sufficiently tolerant of the system when I covered the first important story I had in the Soviet Union. It was the Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party and

(since the party is the real ruling power of the country—which invariably elects the government, and directs it too) important. Party Congresses are held semi-occasionally and their decisions make the keynote of general national policy until the next one comes along.

Now, I suppose, a national convention of one of the major parties in America is really much the same. Certainly since the Civil War, or the War between the States, if you prefer, conventions of the Republican Party have, in general, laid down the broad lines of American policy between election and election.

I remember two Republican conventions, though I worked on neither. And I remember, particularly, the impressive line-up of reporters assigned to their coverage by every newspaper which had a reporter to its name. I seem to recall that papers printed in big type, in advertisements, the identities of the representatives who would give the readers of—say—the Daily Bugle, every inside detail of what was going on.

That is not how the Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party was covered.

I had an apartment by that time—taken over from Linton, and with one room set aside as an office—and, because Russians, for some reason, always break their own news at night, I would sit there after dinner waiting for a telephone call. It came nightly.

"Come down to the Foreign Office," an official voice would tell me; "we will have a communique soon about the Congress."

That would be, perhaps, about ten o'clock in the evening.

By midnight at the latest, the Press Bureau would have prepared the first installment of a text describing what had happened at the current session.

My translator would read the "hand-out" to me. I would write what conscience dictated or what cable tolls seemed to permit. The censor would sign, if he saw fit, what I had written. And then we all would settle down to wait for the next installment. I don't recall that I ever finished filing before, say 4 a. m. Nor did my colleagues. Nor, as a matter of fact, did the censor finish.

THERE must have been great uniformity in the dispatches sent by the foreign newspapermen in Moscow. We realized that, undoubtedly. But I don't know that it occurred to any of us to draw the contrast between the coverage of the 17th Congress of the Communist Party and any presi-

dential convention you care to name in the United States.

It didn't occur to me until much later, I must admit, that I had seen the whole difference between Democracy and Dictatorship without ever stepping out of that stuffy little office, with its red plush Empire chairs and its inevitable portraits of Marx and Lenin. I don't pretend to be competent to argue the advantages of the two systems, in general. But I learned then which I'd prefer, as a newspaperman, if I had the choice.

And since that time I've thought that American reporters who complain that the handout and the press agent are ruining the business are on the right track—but not nearly far enough along it. They haven't seen a national convention covered from handouts yet.

NOT long after I arrived in Moscow, I had another experience with censorship. A Soviet ship, the "Chelyuskin," plugging its way from Archangel to Vladivostok through the Arctic, was caught in ice and foundered.

A hundred men or so—and a few women—were cast away on a floating iceberg and the whole aerial resources of the USSR were mobilized to rescue them. They were saved later, after more than a month on the ice and the incident makes a dramatic page in air history generally unknown in America.

Some time after the shipwreck I learned—correctly, as it happened—that the Soviet had sent two of its new, untried pocket zeppelins to Siberia to see what they could do to help.

It seemed to me an interesting story. General Nobile, Italian, shamed in his attempted dirigible flight to the North Pole, but still a fine designer of lighter-than-air machines and an honored exile in Russia, had built the little Zeppelins. They hadn't been tested before and one of the features of the business was that they were being shipped by freight car to Siberia for their attempt.

In the Soviet Union, which, one day, will have to fight a war in the East and West simultaneously, potentialities of moving aircraft by rail from one boundary to another seemed to me important. There is one double-tracked line of railroad across Russia from East to West. And if the Soviet could move the planes along it from Moscow to the Orient quickly enough to save a band of icebound sailors, there should be little difficulty about troop and munition transfers later, when it really matters.

I took the story to the censorship,

[Continued on page 16]

By J. GUNNAR BACK

EVERY month it drops with a thump onto the newsstand or into the mailbox big enough to hold it, *Esquire*. Two hundred big pages, at least 40 contributors an issue.



J. Gunnar Back

You run your eye down the right of the cover. The regulars are there, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, perhaps Louis Paul and others who first became known in *Esquire*; but in one, two, perhaps three places throughout the land each month someone is pointing out that he has been admitted to distinguished company. Look, there's his name on the cover. That's his story, the first he has ever had printed in any magazine. That's the way it is, month after month. And inside *Esquire*, under the table of contents, the editor speaks. His is a magazine for men and his language is friendly—with the colloquialism of men who wear dinner jackets, go to the theater, fish, boat, smoke pipes, and read what men write for men.

The free lance writer who finishes a virile manuscript often thinks first of *Esquire*. The editor gets 150 manuscripts a day.

I asked Arnold Gingrich, editor of *Esquire*, to tell me what kind of a hearing he gave free-lance writers. Here are my questions and his answers:

Q. Average number of short stories per issue? A. 10.

Q. Average number of articles? A. 17.

Q. Does *Esquire* welcome free-lance contributions sent directly to the editorial office? A. Yes.

Q. How long a wait before reported on? A. From 1 to 4 weeks, depending upon whether they receive second consideration.

Q. Minimum length? A. 1,100 words.

Q. Maximum length? A. 4,000 words, but *Esquire* reserves right to do its own cutting on long scripts.

Q. Are the chances of placing short stories and articles equally divided? A. Chances of placing short stories are

much better than placing articles as our article inventory is extremely top-heavy.

Q. Are there any taboos? A. Only taboo is abnormal sex.

Q. Do you advise the use of an agent in trying to "hit" *Esquire*? A. All scripts receive the same consideration regardless of whether they come direct or through agents.

Q. Has *Esquire* brought out a number of new writers? A. *Esquire* has featured at least one new writer each issue, billed as the "Discovery of the Month," and in several instances has introduced as many as three new writers in one issue. Among the discoveries are Louis Paul, Louis Zara, Michael Fessier, Robert Carson, Hewitt L. Ballowe, Hannibal Towle, Robert Buckner, Francis Fuhr.

Q. What other free-lance material does *Esquire* use other than short stories and articles, the latter to include satire, sports, etc.? A. *Esquire* gives very few assignments; more than 80 per cent of its accepted contributions being unsolicited. Personalities, short satirical pieces, sports articles, some poetry, and fiction.

Q. Any formula for short stories? A. A formula story is not apt to get by with *Esquire*. In general, stories of the type published by Scribners, Harpers, the American Mercury and the Atlantic Monthly rather than the type published by Cosmopolitan, Red Book, and the Saturday Evening Post.

Q. Do you frequently become stocked? A. We seldom become stocked in any classification other than that of articles. In articles we are now stocked until late fall.

Q. Is rate of payment determined by excellence of the contribution or on a word rate? A. *Esquire* pays a top rate for unsolicited contributions of \$200, a minimum rate of \$75. The average is from \$100 to \$125. It is not a word rate, payment being by the piece regardless of length.

Q. What is the circulation of *Esquire*? A. *Esquire's* circulation as of March is 440,000. *Esquire's* circulation was doubled in its first 18 months after becoming a monthly, doubled again the next 11 months.

Q. What mistakes are most frequently made by *Esquire* contributors? A. The most frequent mistake made by would-be *Esquire* contributors is

too obvious slanting both in treatment and in choice of subject-matter. We don't want articles on "hot" subjects that sound tailored to measure for *Esquire*, and the very reason we don't want them is that they do sound so obviously tailored to our measure. We have to avoid a lot of subjects that attract us because, due to the general impression created by the magazine's pictorial policy, it would be assumed that we were approaching them with a smirk, no matter how they might be handled in the writing.

Q. All manuscripts should be sent where? A. 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

William Kostka, managing editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn., complied with our request for market information as follows:

"Our two fact detective magazines, *DARING DETECTIVE* and *STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES*, offer a good market to newspapermen and free-lance writers throughout the country who can get to sources of good crime stories and murder mysteries.

"*MODERN MECHANIX HOBBIES & INVENTIONS* is also a good market because it uses a wide variety of material. It offers a market to the free-lance photographer as well as to the writer who wishes to write feature length material. Tom Mahoney is the editor and will be glad to hear from anyone who has an idea to offer.

"Writers who can meet the requirements of the editors will also find a good market in *TRUE CONFESSIONS* and *ROMANTIC STORIES*. These confession type magazines must be studied carefully in order to learn the type of story wanted."

★

"Please announce to your readers that the INTERNATIONAL CIRCULAR AGENCY, Box 663, Charleston, W. Va., is in the market for articles, any length, concerning the Mail Order field. Our magazine, *THE MAIL STAR*, goes to opportunity seekers and mail order enthusiasts. Articles should be slanted to their particular needs. Each issue carries complete details of a mail order scheme or plan that will help our readers to success. Our greatest needs, at the present, are for such plans and schemes. Payment will be made according to the merit of the manuscript.—CHARLEY ROY WEST, Director."

In response to the request of many contestants the closing date for the \$2500 Prize Novel Contest sponsored by the Jewish Publication Society of America has been extended to Oct. 15, 1936.

The prize is a gift to the Society from Mrs. Isidore Kohn and Mr. Morris Wolf, in memory of the late Edwin Wolf, a former president of the Jewish Publication Society.

The rules governing the contest, which is being judged by Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Miss Fannie Hurst and Mr. Edwin Wolf, 2nd, are as follows:

1. Everyone is eligible.
2. The novel must be submitted to the Society on or before Oct. 15, 1936.
3. There are no restrictions as to the length or character of the work, provided it is a novel of Jewish interest in English.
4. All manuscripts must be submitted with a nom de plume, the true name of the author to be attached in a sealed envelope.
5. The book and serial rights to the winning manuscript become the property of the Society upon the announcement of the winner. The author may retain moving picture and dramatic rights.
6. The Jewish Publication Society reserves the right to withhold the award should there be no entries which in its opinion seem of sufficient merit to be published.

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National Editorial Association

134 North La Salle Street
Chicago, Illinois

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Newspapers as Historians

AMERICA GOES TO PRESS, *The News of Yesterday*, by Laurence Greene. Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis-New York. \$2.75.

Newspapers have frequently been referred to as historians—whether good or bad ones being a moot question.

Now comes a volume—one that should interest many readers, particularly newspapermen—presenting the newspaper in just that role. It is the sort of volume that makes you wonder why it hadn't been prepared before—that will make many a newspaperman ponder "Now why didn't I think of that?"

Laurence Greene, a newspaperman himself, has gathered into this volume, with frequent explanatory introductions that set the stage, the actual news accounts of some of the most exciting moments in America's past. It is almost like having the newspapers of the periods in your hands.

The pulsing panorama begins with an account of the Boston Tea Party. It shifts rapidly to Lexington, Trenton and then Yorktown. You read the account of Washington's leave of the presidency. The burning of the capitol, the building of the Erie Canal and the railroads, follow.

There isn't room to list them all—the list includes accounts of the Texas War, Aaron Burr, Jenny Lind, the telegraph, the Atlantic Cable, John Brown, the Pony Express, Lee's surrender, Lincoln's assassination, the Custer massacre, Jesse James, the sinking of the Titanic—a score of others—and ends with a brief take from a dispatch telling of Archduke Francis Ferdinand being shot and killed by a student at Sarajevo.

This book is more than entertaining reading. It is a striking object lesson of the need for accurate, thoughtful, conscientious newspaper work. The newspaper stories and editorials of today WILL influence the writing of tomorrow's histories—no matter how accurate or inaccurate they may be, no matter what their bias or open-minded attitudes.

Bromide Sources

PHRASE ORIGINS, a Study of Familiar Expressions, by Alfred H. Holt. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. \$2.00.

Every young man or woman aspir-

ing to a newspaper or magazine career sooner or later runs up against the warning—"Don't use bromides."

Here's a book—the latest addition to the Crowell list of reference books—that tells where the bromides came from. It is the work of Alfred Hubbard Holt, managing editor of the *Williams Alumni Review*, of Williams College. He previously has written "Wild Names I Have Met," a booklet that has won in national recognition as an authority on names.

He has arranged the phrases—bromidic and otherwise—in alphabetical order, followed by authoritative (as far as possible) and often humorous notes.

Perhaps you've written about the heat-crazed man who "ran amuck." "Amuck," says Phrase-gatherer Holt, comes from a Malay word meaning kill and is more than two centuries old. It had its origin in the fact that sometimes a native while under the influence of opium would dash insanely down the street, striking anyone he might meet with a dagger.

Maybe you've used the phrase "sweetness and light." This was a phrase of Swift's, taken up by Matthew Arnold. Being born "with a silver spoon in one's mouth" was, believe it or not, proverbial in Scotland before 1830. "Racket" meant just that in England as early as 1812—and so on, these few examples will give you an idea of what Mr. Holt has done.

But, so far as we can find, he has failed to explain one or two phrases that most newspapermen know. One has to do with "the true facts"—the other is "I used to be a newspaperman myself once."

Books and Authors

Those interested in the short story should know, if they don't already, that Appleton-Century have published another collection of stories by that princess of story tellers, Edith Wharton. Its title is "The World Over."

Not only will "Harvard Has a Homicide," by Timothy Fuller, be the first detective story to be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, through Little, Brown & Company, but it also will be the first detective story to run serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the nearly 80 years of its existence. It is scheduled for publication in book form in September.

THE QUILL for July, 1936

Friend of the Family [Continued from page 7]

development up to that time, had increased from the modest \$200 a page of the first issues to the hitherto undreamed-of price of \$4,000 a page in the mid-nineties. No one then would have imagined that today a color page would cost over \$11,000, and that even at that price, the cost per copy to the advertiser would be less than it was then—less than half a cent. The use of color had barely begun in 1896, and was confined entirely to the cover—at that a momentous innovation in magazine making. It is probably one of the secrets of the *Journal's* unrivaled appeal and popularity that it almost invariably led the whole periodical field in the matter of physical improvements, all of which we take today as a matter of course. It was the first periodical in the world to change its cover design each month; the first to introduce two-color printing, three-color printing and four-color printing, and the first to introduce color photography as a means of presenting fashions, fabrics, foods, houses, gardens and interiors.

EVEN after the twentieth century had gotten under way many of these now familiar features were still to come, but there was a great deal going on behind the scenes. For the *Journal* was carrying on a correspondence service with its readers which required a staff of experts and authorities several times greater in number than that necessary for getting out the magazine itself.

Letters ran into the millions. The care and feeding of thousands of readers' babies was being directed by two of the most highly qualified specialists in the country, not only by mail, but, in many cases when emergency required it, by special delivery and telegraph. Individual household questions of every kind, from entertainment to decoration, from dressmaking to cooking, and personal problems of every description, all were being answered and discussed hourly by the hundreds; not one of them casually, but with real intelligence and understanding.

By 20 years ago the *Journal* was beginning to take on faintly some of the physical features which are familiar to us in the magazine today. But it was still as different in appearance from the *Journal* of this year as 1916 was different from 1936. Underneath, its fundamental personality was pretty much the same as it had always been. The changes were simply the changes

of the times, the progress and development which takes place from year to year and generation to generation.

Twenty years ago the *Journal* on its monthly visits was bringing in the people who were giving color to that stormy period. President Wilson was making it a medium for his messages to the nation; H. G. Wells was describing and analyzing the new relationship between men and women which the war was helping to hasten; newly ripened writers like P. G. Wodehouse, Kathleen Norris and Donn Byrne were reaping their early crop of popularity in the magazine, while the Barrymores, Mary Garden, Bernhardt and many other bright lights of the theatre and music were writing about themselves for *Journal* readers. The advertising pages were resplendent with a race of pre-war cars which is now practically extinct, and women's sleeves were long and close-fitting, with a little pouch at the wrist. There was a good deal of ruffing at the neck, women's hair was still piled up in pompadours, and there was a lot less cream and butter in the cooking.

BY the end of the next decade the *Journal*, not only in size but in general appearance was becoming more like the *Journal* of today. Even so, there was the difference of these last ten years, which of course is a greater difference to those of us now on the scene than that of any preceding ten-year interval. 1926 sounds rather recent, but when you go back to examine it, you find it very much outmoded. Women's dresses look almost embarrassingly short; their hats were shaped like German helmets, and seemed to come right down to the neck and ears. The automobiles in the ads were beginning to look like the ones now occasionally seen still panting along the road. Girls were flappers, radios had horns, and \$5,000 houses were smaller than they were in the nineties. Kitchens and cars were still innocent of streamlining, and the dictionary was too, no doubt; but there were electric refrigerators, and well known women in full page ads had begun to recommend cosmetics.

Mr. Bok had retired in 1919, after 30 extraordinary years, and Barton W. Currie had taken his place as editor, the post to which Loring A. Schuler was to succeed in 1928. The *Journal* had two and a half million subscribers, and advertisers were paying \$9,000 a page for the privilege of addressing them. The circulation had increased

a hundredfold since the end of Mrs. Curtis' first year, there were 20 times as many pages, and though the advertising rates had been multiplied by 45, the cost was less per reader than it had ever been. The printing of many pages in color—both advertising and editorial—was by then a matter of course. The magazine was more than ever the accepted medium for the best known fiction writers of the day, as well as for the greatest public figures.

But the personal and intimate quality that Mrs. Curtis had created in the little eight-page *Journal* of the early eighties was still the outstanding characteristic, in spite of the magazine's stupendous growth in every direction. No writer, artist, personage or problem was too great for a place in its pages, yet, at the same time, no household question or personal quandary of any kind was too small for the service that the *Journal* was still ready to render to its now vast circle of readers. It had grown to be a national institution, but its growth to that eminence had merely made it a greater friend of the family than it had ever been before.

WHEN Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould assumed last year the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Jour-*

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nal, they brought still another unique distinction to the publication; for this was the first time that a husband and wife had ever become co-editors of a major periodical. It is more than a mere coincidence that Mrs. Gould should manage her share as much from her home as from the office, just as Mrs. Curtis had done 50 years ago. For it is probably as true now as it was then that keeping in close touch with the home is an important part of one phase of *Journal* editing.

Well known for their collaborations in fiction and play writing, the Goulds form an ideal partnership in a position that requires now more than ever the complete approach that only such a working arrangement as this can provide. And if a new sprightliness becomes apparent, a new vitality and sparkle, it can be laid of course in part to the tone and tempo of the times but also to this new pressure on the contemporary pulse.

To describe the *Journal* of today would be like describing, let us say, the modern motor car. It is right there to be seen, wherever you look. But the way it achieves its power, perception and reading quality can at least be partly explained by mentioning a few details of its design. In writing about anything as stupendous as the *Journal* there is a temptation to grow statistical, but the essential quality of the magazine does not come clearly when told in terms of how many tons of ink and carloads of paper it takes to print 33,000,000 copies a year, however fascinating the figures. There is much more meaning in the fact that from 25,000 to 30,000 manuscripts are submitted to the *Journal* annually, and that every one of them is carefully read by the editorial staff in order that finally the editors may select approximately 70 pieces of fiction, 50 feature articles and 60 poems.

In addition to the short stories, serials, feature articles and verse, the *Journal* publishes every year about 250 articles in the various departments, prepared by members of the staff. These departments consist of Foods, Homemaking, Fashions, Beauty, Architecture, Decoration, Gardening, Books, and the Sub-Deb. The latter department, alone, handles more than 300,000 items of correspondence a year—an indication of what transpires behind the pages of the magazine itself. Most of these departments function in the *Journal's* Editorial Workshop, which occupies the top floor of the RKO Building in Rockefeller Center. The Workshop has been especially designed for the practical study of the many problems that face *Journal* read-

ers in matters of dress, appearance, cookery, housekeeping, home building and planning, continuing in this modern fashion the service which Mrs. Curtis began in a far more limited way 50 years ago.

FROM the point of view of the possible contributor, the *Journal* today is interested in publishing not only the work of the foremost writers of the present time, but the work of writers who have yet to make their mark—both being judged by the same standards of excellence, regardless of name. This work includes serials of from 20,000 to 50,000 words; short stories from 4,000 to 9,000 words long; occasional short short stories of outstand-

ing quality; feature articles by authorities on significant subjects; light and lyric verse of an authentic but nonesoteric nature, and well written, informative articles by experts which supplement the material in the various departments.

There is very little more to say of the *Journal* that the magazine cannot say for itself. The *Journal* and the American family have gone through the mill together, and while both have changed a great deal during the last 50 years, the fundamental quality of each has pretty much prevailed. At any rate, the relationship between the two has remained. It has merely grown closer and closer with time; and from all indications will continue to flourish.

Soviet Russia—

[Concluded from page 12]

innocently, I remember, labeled "Exclusive." The answer came pat.

"A very interesting article," said Podolsky. "Exclusive, I see. Unfortunately, I know nothing of this. Your story must be verified. However, since it is your own, alone, there is no hurry. I will hold it up and let you know."

And he did let me know, in fact, by indirection. For the official "verification" of the story came three days later, when I read my item, translated into perfect Russian, published in the official press, for anyone to copy.

By that time, I think, I knew it would be useless to complain. Probably I went to the bar of the Metropole Hotel—described by Harold Denny as "an island of the profit-motive completely surrounded by socialism," bought a foreign currency drink and forgot it.

But the incident might be something for newspaper people to consider before they make up their minds where their business might stand under a dictatorship—Communist or other.

ALL this could be continued almost indefinitely. I remember, for instance, how the censorship bottled up the story of the crash of the "Maxim Gorky," the world's largest land plane, for almost 12 hours.

It was done by the simple expedient of stopping all cables, press rate or otherwise, stopping outgoing telephone calls and blocking incoming ones with a buzzer on the wire until the official account of the accident was prepared. Every newspaperman in Moscow knew about the crash—most of them had been on the scene and heard eyewit-

ness stories—but not a single line could be transmitted abroad.

Then there was a time when the censorship declined—after a long huddle behind closed doors, during which I suppose the higher authorities were invoked, the GPU probably—to pass a single line for publication about the death sentence imposed on my secretary.

The foreign world wasn't to know, apparently, that an employee of an American news agency was to be executed after a secret trial. That time, however, the telephones did work and the American newspaper colony in Moscow was guilty of a mass breach of the censorship regulations.

But probably there is no use going on. Half a dozen countries in the world today have made it pretty clear that dictatorships must have censorship to back them up. Soviet Russia, as the most thoroughgoing and rigid dictatorship, has a censorship that corresponds.

The only reason for writing these random recollections of some personal experiences under that system is to raise the question among American newspapermen where they and their profession—or trade, if you like—would be without freedom of movement, without freedom of news collection, without freedom of writing and without freedom of transmission.

I knew a few reporters in New York when I was working there who fancied themselves Communists—without, of course, knowing anything about it.

But I don't think even they would like the system—or recognize their business afterwards.

PAGES MISSING

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

dered Officer John Romanus to stop the music.

The music ceased and when Judge McLeod asked Romanus where it came from he replied:

"From your car outside, Your Honor. You forgot to turn off your radio."

Perhaps you won't think that funny—but we got a chuckle out of it. However, we got a chuckle out of another item of that sort that drew a snort of disgust from a fellow newspaperman. The story ran something like this:

The police department got a hurry up call from a worried mother. Would they please send out some of their best shots? There was an eagle perched in a tree in their front yard and she was afraid it would attack the children—maybe carry them off.

A radio-directed scout car was dispatched to the scene with some of the department's sharpest sharpshooters. Sure enough—there was the eagle. A big one.

The bluecoats drew bead carefully and let fly with their trusty 45's. Down crashed the eagle.

"We got him!" shouted the policemen. They ran to the spot. The eagle was stuffed.

FUNNY or not, we'd like to see more of those items in the paper. One or two paragraph stories that would start the day—or end it—with a smile.

That brings up something else. We'd like to know what happened to that chap out in Evanston, Ill., who used to turn out such gems for one of the press services—I believe the *Associated Press*. Day after day you would find that Evanston date-line on page one followed by a brief item always good for a chuckle—maybe even a belly-laugh.

I haven't seen anything from him lately. Maybe he's lost his sense of humor. Maybe he's not doing that sort of work any more. Maybe they took a bang-up writing man and chained him to a desk in an executive capacity.

Maybe—but at any rate, if I were running a newspaper or had anything to do with a wire service, I'd try to locate that gentleman and keep him turning out items for the paper along the lines we've been discussing. We need more like him.

SPEAKING of stories, here's one of those little yarns to be heard only in a newspaper office.

The desk was looking for some one to take a story—or perhaps it was to go out on one. The assistant city editor's eagle eye (we seem to be running to eagles today) roved around the room and finally lighted on one of the paper's foreign correspondents, home for some weeks after many months abroad.

"How about Jim?" asked the assistant.

The city editor moved his cigar butt from one side of his mouth to the other. His expression never changed.

"Nope," he said, "better not bother

Jim. He's still busy writing that story he got last year!"

LAURENCE G. HAUCK (Ohio University '33) is on the copy desk of the Akron (O.) *Times Press*.

CHARLES McCANN BARTLETT (Ohio University '33) is a reporter on the Miami (Okla.) *Daily News-Record*.

ARTHUR T. THOMAS (Ohio University '35) is on the editorial staff of the East Liverpool (O.) *Review*.

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